

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Style You Haven't Done Yet"

### Intro

The number one set and sound...live! Ghetto Music. Produced by  
KRS-One.

Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye  
Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye

Come in!

### Verse 1

Many have claimed to attain levels in rhyming  
But when I listen to 'em I see they're only lying  
They're tryin', but after some years if you ain't got it  
Lay it down, put it down, find a way to try and stop it  
Or change it, rearrange it, be a producer  
Don't touch the microphone because you'll always be the loser  
And laughed at, smirked on, you don't belong  
With those that perform their song on and on  
And on and on and on, yo, let's get specific  
This style is for the gifted, poetically uplifted  
I speak to you, not at you to attack you  
Maybe when I'm through with this rhyme I'll get a statue  
So now I ax you or tell you people literally  
When it comes to rockin' funky lyrics few are better than me  
Down with BDP, endlessly recitin' poetry  
Any time I'm in the street, you hear my voice, you know it's me  
KR...nope! I'm not ready to say my name yet  
Many say they teach, but this style they haven't attained yet

Widdy-bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye bye bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!  
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye

### Verse 2

Run it, son, plumb it you bum  
Don't you know that it's KRS-One  
That comes to sing the styles that ain't sung  
I rocked the party, but oh! Gotta run  
Cos only the suckers want a chance at that

To see if KRS-One is really all that  
Instead of a rap I jap-slap all of 'em back  
Because the teacher that you see is not wack  
I'd like to stack up all the hits that I've made  
Three albums, a triple-layer cake  
And throw it in your face you waste  
Pick up the pace and taste a poet from the black race  
While I whip you whine, you're out of touch  
I'm out of time, here's another rhyme

(The black man's in effect. Jeeeeeeesus! Oh gosh, dude. Oh gosh. Oh  
yes, dude. Yes)

(What's the name of that crew? B.D.P)

(Say what? I'm not down with the Juice Crew)

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Why Is That?"

### Verse One

The day begins, with a grin  
And a prayer to excuse my sins  
I can walk anywhere I choose  
Cause everybody listens to the B.D.P. crew  
We're not here for glamour or fashion  
But here's the question I'm askin  
Why is it young black kids taught {flashin?}  
They're only taught how to read, write, and act  
It's like teachin a dog to be a cat  
You don't teach white kids to be black  
Why is that? Is it because we're the minority?  
Well black kids follow me  
Genesis chapter eleven verse ten  
Explains the geneology of Chem  
Chem was a black man, in Africa  
If you repeat this fact they can't laugh at ya  
Genesis fourteen verse thirteen  
Abraham steps on the scene  
Being a descendent of Chem which is a fact  
Means, Abraham too was black  
Abraham born in the city of a black man  
Called Nimrod grandson of Kam  
Kam had four sons, one was named Canaan  
Here, let me do some explaining  
Abraham was the father of Isaac  
Isaac was the father of Jacob  
Jacob had twelve sons, for real  
And these, were the children of Isreal  
According to Genesis chapter ten  
Egyptains descended from {Hahm,Kam}  
Six hundred years later, my brother, read up  
Moses was born in Egypt  
In this era black Egyptians weren't right  
They enslaved black Isrealites  
Moses had to be of the black race  
Because he spent fourty years in Pharoah's place  
He passed as the Pharoah's grandson  
So he had to look just like him  
Yes my brothers and sisters take this here song  
Yo, correct the wrong  
The information we get today is just wack

But ask yourself, why is that?

## Verse Two

The age of the ignorant rapper is done  
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone

The stereotype must be lost  
That love and peace and knowledge is soft  
Do away with that and understand one fact

For love, peace must attack  
And attack real strong, stronger than war  
To conquer it and it's law  
Mental pictures, stereotypes and fake history

Reinforces mystery  
And when mystery is reinforced  
That only means that knowledge has been lost

When you know who you really are  
Peace and knowledge shines like a star

I'm only showin you a simple fact  
It Takes A Nation of MILLIONS to Hold Us people Back

Which is wack, but we can correct that  
Teach and learn what it is to be black  
Cause they're teachin birds to be a cat  
But ask yourself homeboy, why is that?

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "The Blueprint"

Musty fusty yet so crystal clear  
The non-commercial set is now here  
Brought to you by the will of positive people  
K-r-s plus one equals  
Slammin' lyrics and beats unquestionable  
The peofessional while I guess that you'll  
Grab the album that rocks most on the market  
Strong hearted with a target  
--bloo-- and the target is hit  
I shot the lyric then reload the clip  
--bloo-- another shell hits the ground  
Along with the shell my opponents weak crown  
--bloo bloo-- the title comes after  
What a disaster listen to the laughter  
Your heart I capture  
Cause every lecture has tecture  
If you're wack I say next sir  
Who's next cause I've got no time for weakness  
Only the teacher speaks this  
Dialect, which gains nuff resect  
Which money can't buy you yet  
I don't care cause boogie down productions has both  
The most worldwide coast to coast  
We didn't do it with the soft commercial sound  
Try the ghetto cause I refuse to let go  
You see you don't understand I knew it  
You got a copy I read from the blueprint

Keepin' it on track  
And never wack  
Please step back  
If you speak the weak rap  
Cause I alone can dis your whole pack or posse  
Stupid sit there and watch me  
You can't stop the original with a copy  
Sloppy very sloppy you slouch  
Every time I bite you yell ouch  
Breakout get lost your throat is hoarse  
You lost cause I'm dope of course  
--one and two and three and four--  
But that comes from years of practice  
Anti-slackness anti-wackness  
Throw on the glasses and teach the masses

Very simple the question I ask is  
How many mcs must get stomped  
Before somebody says kris has no calm  
Thousands both here and overseas  
If you're soft I say please leave  
Here's the door here's your hat coat and mitt  
Cause here we read from the blueprint

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Jack Of Spades"

\* was also featured in the movie "i'm gonna get you sucka"

[krs-one]

Again we start, let me say my part  
About the only guy who has some heart  
It took some time for the heart to come  
But it's here, and everybody's in fear  
Crashin through the door of that whore  
Bringin a end to this gold chain war  
What you saw, krs-one is now seeing  
Another fly human being  
Making, no excuses for the losers  
Chain-snatchers, pimps, drug abusers  
You don't like it but you gotta keep pushin  
Until somebody starts mushin  
All these suckers, claimin to rule the environment  
(nah man, I ain't buyin it)  
You seem to think that everybody can be taught  
That everyone else can be bought  
But, you took a short, cause one guy hasn't been paid  
He is the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

He's a, calm kind of guy, courageous and loyal  
But don't let the temper boil  
Cause just like a pot when the whistle blows  
(that's right boy, anything goes!)

The crime is committed and he's right on your tail  
There's no bail, not thinkin bout jail  
All the ends, are justified by the means  
When jack's on the scene  
Track the movement, don't lose it  
Cause if he come through the back, he attacks  
Crack, cocaine, cops, and more fiends  
Who all get the same in the heat of this gold chain game  
Here is the aim --  
Destroy all the stereotypes, hypes, and crack pipes  
We don't like, criminals, and crime --  
But we don't pay it any mind  
So here comes kung-fu, joe, and fly guy  
Slade, hammer, and slammer

I, am a, renegade teacher and scholar  
If you ain't up on it you gotta  
Fall to the back of the line  
Hear this rhyme, cause i'ma say it one more time  
It's jack's theme song that krs made  
It's called the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

You know, the jack of spades is now down with the bdp posse  
If you wanna see more, just watch me  
Man, do what I do, throw your hands in the air  
And scream it out, ohh yeah "ohh yeahhh!!"  
One more time! "ohh yeahhh!!"  
(flash the rhyme!)  
Cool, guy, loud and quiet  
If your head's in the way, he'll fly it  
Don't try it, cause jack of spades doesn't buy it  
He's a one man riot  
Cleanin the community, of all it's debris  
The c-r-i-m-e  
The road was long and scary and some didn't make it  
The average guy couldn't take it  
But jack, is not, the average guy  
He took a piece of the pie and bit it  
Got with it, for his brother he did it  
So you gotta admit it  
This is a martyr, a soldier, a hero  
Why? because he started from zero  
In this battle he clearly understands their power  
They're payin people by the hour  
To sell, to lie, to try, to stand up and deny  
They are gettin everybody high  
High on a cable, cash under the table  
Currency is how they're able  
To buy the cops and props and keep the law paid  
But here comes the jack of spades!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs] break it down!

\* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." \*

[krs-one]

Fresh.. for jack of spades, you suckers  
Ha ha ha ha ha hah..





# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Jah Rulez"

[krs-one]

Yes, right about now we got afrika  
From the jungle brothers on the wheels of steel  
My sister harmony right beside me  
And i, krs-one on the mic  
Sidney mills on the keyboards  
And dwayne on the engineering  
And once again, this style is dedicated to the heavenly father  
Because you know ya rule!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul! (fi-yah!)  
What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. (ba-da-bi)  
Another day.. (ba-ba-bad-bad-bad)

[krs-one]

Bad man people and petty rob-ber  
Straighten up your ways or you will suf-fer  
What go around come around and this is the law  
The manmade law krs-one ig-nore  
I walk the streets as a ruff yout bwoy  
Very intelligent, and full of joy  
Go to a concert and mash up the jam (bo)  
People in the world know just who I am  
I am what I am cause I am not soft  
When the blind lead the blind - that's when ya lost  
Me just a dj dealin with negative  
Nonsense messages, a what dem a give  
Bdp strong, cause jah is the strength  
Bdp long, cause jah is the length  
Bdp together, cause jah is the link  
We a just arise, while the negative sink! come!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (burns!)  
Their very soul! (lick dem down!)  
And what can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day.. (come!)  
Where can they go..  
What can they do? (bo)

[krs-one]

We are not a front and, we are no fraud  
Every hit record comes straight from the lord  
We live in jail cell and we live in shelter  
If you help yourself, well jah will help ya  
Look to no man but love everyone  
Stand on your own and work til you're done  
Follow the commandments that jah set forth  
Cause manmade laws, made man lost (bo)

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (ba-da-bi-bi-bi)  
Their very soul! (fi-yah!)

What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
They need you, in their lives  
They know, your live is right (always right)  
You're the inspiration (yes) that sweet revelation  
All their hope, and their salvation (so right)  
And where can they go, where can they turn (where ya hide? )  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul!  
(wa-da-ba-da-bi-bi-bi-bi-bi)

What can they do, what can they say?  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
(fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah)  
They need you, in their lives  
They know, your love is right  
You're the inspiration, that sweet revelation  
And all of their hopes (jah rulez) and their salvation  
Where can they go, where can they turn (jah rule every time)  
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (nowhere)  
Their very soul (kyan't move without the movement of jah, seen? )  
And what can they do, what can they say  
They can't live without your love.. another day..  
Where do they go  
What do they do?  
Where do they turn  
What can they say?  
Where do they go, what can they do  
Breathe without you?  
Where do they go  
Breathe without you?  
What do they do.. \*fades\*



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]  
Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]  
Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]  
With dj scott larock and krs-one  
[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-babababababababa]  
With d-nice you know the job is done  
And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]  
I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]  
Breath control.. here's an example  
I appeal, to the +criminal minded+  
You can't find it, boy you're still blinded  
Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin  
Get a prescription to listen  
Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap  
You're gettin left back, set back, kept back  
Get back, I don't accept that material  
Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal  
I like clarity, so when you come here  
Speak clear and concise and then I might give  
A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back  
If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!  
Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left  
The radical sounds of krs  
What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess  
Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?  
But - yup yup - as it always turns out  
You get burned out, your rhymes just run out  
I immediately come out, boomin dope and  
Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope  
Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string  
When I sing, I sing to try and bring  
Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it  
Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it  
Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty  
You're unworthy to think that you can serve me  
You heard me? these styles are universal  
You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll  
Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin  
Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh  
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]

That's it, that's it, that's it  
Break is over, back to the track  
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack  
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like  
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic  
The radical rebel at level fifteen  
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?  
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed  
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room  
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum  
But all, capital krs-one  
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p  
Takin mc's out constantly!  
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel  
You steal, come before me and kneel but  
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace  
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy  
And I just ain't wack  
I feel that you should get an understanding  
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming  
Hypothetically, or in reality  
Takin you out, is a small technicality  
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one  
Comes in handy, while I diss some  
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself  
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf  
Labelled, sucker boy style  
I like to do it every once in a while..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Who Protects Us From You?"

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?  
Every time you say "That's illegal"  
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)  
Your authority's never questioned  
No-one questions you  
If I hit you I'll be killed  
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)  
Lookin' through my history book  
I've watched you as you grew  
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law  
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too  
There was a time when a black man  
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)  
Now you want all the help you can get  
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)  
You were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?  
Or should I say, who are you protecting?  
The rich? the poor? Who?  
It seems that when you walk the ghetto  
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)  
You judge a man by the car he drives  
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)  
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes  
A man was judged by a clue  
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,  
Black, Italian or Jew  
So do not kick my door down and tie me up  
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)  
Cos you were put here to protect us  
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of  
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)





# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "You Must Learn"

Just like I told you, you must learn

It's calm yet wild the style that I speak  
Just filled with facts and you will never get weak in the heart  
In fact you'll start to illuminate, knowledge to others in a song

Let me demonstrate the force of knowledge,  
Knowledge reigned supreme

The ignorant is ripped to smithereens  
What do you mean when you say I'm rebellious  
'Cause I don't accept everything that you're telling us  
What are you selling us the creator dwellin' us  
I sit in your unknown class while you're failing' us  
I failed your class 'cause I ain't with your reasoning  
You're tryin' make me you by seasoning

Up my mind with see Jane run, see John walk in a hardcore New York  
It doesn't exist no way, no how

It seems to me that in a school that's ebony  
African history should be pumped up steadily, but it's not  
And this has got to stop, See Spot run, run get Spot  
Insulting to a Black mentality, a Black way of life  
Or a jet Black family, so I include with one concern, that  
You must learn

Chorus: Just like I told you, you must learn (twice)

I believe that if you're teaching history  
Filled with straight up facts no mystery  
Teach the student what needs to be taught  
'Cause Black and White kids both take shorts  
When one doesn't know about the other ones' culture  
Ignorance swoops down like a vulture  
'Cause you don't know that you ain't just a janitor  
No one told you about Benjamin Banneker  
A brilliant Black man that invented the almanac  
Can't you see where KRS is coming at  
With Eli Whitney, Haile Selassie  
Granville Woods made the walkie-talkie  
Lewis Latimer improved on Edison  
Charles Drew did a lot for medicine  
Garrett Morgan made the traffic lights  
Harriet Tubman freed the slaves at night  
Madame CJ Walker made a straightenin comb  
But you won't know this is you weren't shown

The point I'm gettin' at it it might be harsh  
'Cause we're just walkin' around brainwashed  
So what I'm sayin' is not to diss a man  
We need the 89 school system  
One that caters to a Black return because  
You must learn

Chorus

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Hip Hop Rules"

[krs-one]

Come again down man  
This is krs-one on to wreck ruff ruff ruff stuff  
So we're gonna do it like this now  
Put up your hands if you love hip-hop music like I do, seen?  
And we gonna do it like this now  
Listen to the lyrics! bo!

Me say hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

Way back in the days, 1979  
Fatback band made a record usin rhyme  
In the same year come the sugarhill gang  
With the pow pow boogie, and the big bang bang  
R&b, disco, pop country jazz  
All thought hip-hop, was just a little fad  
But here comes grandmaster flash nonstop  
And right after flash, run-d.m.c. dropped  
Now, they had to pay attention to the scale  
Where other music failed, hip-hop prevailed  
See rap music has gone platinum from the start  
So now in eighty-nine we gettin present as an art  
Me ask, is it because, we've got the eighty-nine vision?  
Whoa whoa whoa!  
Or is it because, it's a unanimous decision  
Hey hey hey hey

That hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

I pick up the mic and put down crazy lyrics  
I put it 'pon the phonograph so everyone can hear it  
You want to sound like me bwoy, you can't come near it  
Cause when I flash a new style, the people dem a cheer it  
You get so jealous til you just can't bear it  
Jealous of ms. melodie, me and derek  
See derek is d-nice, and I'm krs-one ah  
We'll rock ya in the winter and we rocked ya last summer  
You want to battle me you got to wake up in the morning  
Cause if you're still sleepin, then i'ma start yawnin

Because ah hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!  
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!  
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!  
Rap music, we want the rap music

Just, put up your hands if you like rap music  
Put up your hands if you like rap music  
Ms. melodie boy she always on the mixer  
And d-square, love rap music ah  
Dj doc boy yes he's on the mix and  
Krs-one'll flash a lyric, we say  
Here comes yvette, on the lyric and  
Big kap, rockin on the mix and  
Bdp boy we'll flash a lyric a  
Knock the suckers down every time dem hear it, because

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule  
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come down!  
Come again!  
We want!  
Bo!  
Come again!  
Bo!

\* dub/instrumental of first verse reprised to fade \*

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack  
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again  
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack  
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog  
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog  
As I ran, I began to wonder  
Should I produce or should I tour this summer  
Well just that second I heard stay where you are  
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car  
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt  
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk  
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run  
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun  
I said officer man I ain't do nothin  
He said what's that word you n----s use, ya frontin?  
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street?  
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute  
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't  
With it so  
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking  
Adam's apple  
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and  
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run  
I got back in no time and loaded the nine  
First I took two clips and then I took two more  
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door  
I took three shots and then I laid  
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade  
It went boom like a supernova  
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over  
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you  
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!  
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no  
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday  
Ghetto pain  
Black men are judged by their clothes  
Black women are looked at as hoes

So I as one of these uppity n----s  
Can only rely on the sound of a trigga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore  
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)  
But when it was boy I was lucky  
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me  
When I awoke at the 14th hour  
Three black women had gave me a quick shower  
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck  
Driven by two guys, rakim and chuck  
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day  
There? chuck said many, rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when  
You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to dj scott larock he's in there still!

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Gimme Dat"

[krs-one]

Right, right! (woy)

Bring it (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Now smooth it out (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Alright, here we go (woy, woy)

Hi, hello, whassup, and what's happenin?

I am known as the teacher in rappin

Some need slappin, cause what they're sayin

Is wack and weak and - wait, let me speak (woy)

Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that (woy)

Yang-yang, or you'll be down with the chain gang (woy)

Draggin your feet, to a beat produced by bdp (woy)

One of the many, from the library (woy)

I teach hip-hop for a living

So here's a smidgen, of what I'm givin

Krs-one two three four, encore

I'm not a freshman, sophomore, and further more (woy)

I graduated from the school of no shorts

To the world of rappin I brought

"that's it, that's all, single, no more, no less"

That style was created by dj krs (woy)

Offbeat got you out your seat (woy)

When I created the style, they studied every single week (woy)

Now you come in my face like you're rulin? (woy)

But I'm teacher boy, who you foolin!

See there's no defense against common sense

Confidence, intelligence or excellence

Intense, but here's the difference

Krs-one does not mean ignorance

Try obedience, magnificence

As a reference, stop the violence

Criminal minded, poetry, and jimmy hats

Is that your title? gimme dat! (woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now let's take it back a little bit (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

You can't test bdp boy (woy)

So bust this down (woy, woy)

While I got your attention I feel like just

Lettin off two or three lyric then steppin

Jettin, gettin the respect of a teacher

My name is kris, 23, glad to meet ya

Bdp +is+ the number one set

I don't drop science, I teach it, correct!

Some get caught in my style like a net

They can't get out, so I treat em like a pet

Sit boy, down boy, don't bite me yet

I bet you're kind of hungry, here's a calcan, step

Cause I've got no time to hold your hand

I just slam, so you can understand who I am (woy)

The teacher, professor, scholar makin dollars (woy)

The trainer, entertainer, makin ya holla (woy)

The numero uno, number one, the best perfectionist (woy)

Crazy, fresh krs (woy, woy)

So gimme dat!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now take it on back (woy, woy)

Original.. original.. original.. hit it!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Original.. ah one two three, we out! (woy, woy)



# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "Ghetto Music"

"if you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

[krs-one]

Ghetto music

Ghetto music

Ghetto music

Ghetto music..

.. you're tuned into that easy listening sound

With a cap and gown, not a crown

No glitter, no makeup

Just smashin lyrics, that make up

The b, d, and the p

You pay for the hits, the advice is free

In this industry, we gotta grow

Commercial some go, but, y'know

Just as important as they are

So is the underground superstar (like me)

You gotta ask yourself one question

Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?

Learn the lesson, before you plan your career

Commercial or underground, where

Do you fit, cause both sides write hits

And all is rap, I'll admit

But what I've come to explain

Is that these people love to play a game

They wanna make it seem like you're wrong

For writin the reality song

(don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat

We don't take knowledge rap)

What? they want you on their bases

Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist

But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's ok

Yeah, they won't stop it

I guess it's alright to act demonic

I guess it's alright to act demonic

But that's another chapter, in another book

I've come to show a different look

And that look is the whole of rap

Not just the commercial pap

But the underground, that raw ghetto sound

From which rap music was found  
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it  
I'll be rockin that ghetto music

..

People keep tellin me, "kris!you need more radio  
Yeah man, that's the way to go!  
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"  
Then I attack em!  
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto  
I cannot let go, change up? heck no  
In the ghetto, I stay mellow  
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go  
Fresh, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers  
Peace to p.e., and the jungle brothers  
Others, have come, to master the art  
They start, with heart, then fall apart  
Like a dart I shoot for one target (bo bo)  
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it  
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme  
Is to strengthen and uplift the mind  
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve  
It's simple, I'll never leave  
Cause every time you front for respect you lose it  
I'll rock ghetto music

Ghetto music  
Ghetto music  
Ghetto music  
Ghetto music..

# Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

## "World Peace"

[krs-one]

World peace.. or world talk? !

Yeah..

One, two, three, four!

If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Right now!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
Right now!  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

[krs-one]

Take it.. right now..  
Don't hesitate! (world peace)  
You want world peace? (world peace) (peace.. take it)  
Or world talk?

(world peace..)  
(world peace..)  
(world peace..)

Yo, a lot of people are under the assumption  
That peace, is soft or somethin  
We must begin to reprogram our thought  
From, how we were taught  
Back in school, and our tv screens  
Strength, is always mean  
Love, is always soft  
And peace is too peaceful  
When all are equal  
Sit back, and read the papers  
About the murderers, thieves, and rapists  
We depend on police for justice  
But when do we say, enough is enough  
Right now, and call their bluff  
It's not a matter of frontin like you're tough  
It's a matter of takin yours  
And livin universal laws  
Cause those laws, cannot be bribed

Nor changed, or paid on the side  
You must come correct and walk straight  
More love, less and less hate  
When you walk, walk with authority  
Tell the negative people, don't bother me  
Move your face away, I ain't with it  
In a minute, I'm gonna hit it!

If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Right now!  
If we really want world peace  
World peace..  
And we want it right now  
.. or world talk  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Break it down!  
Take it, yeah!  
World peace..  
Yeah.. come in..

Crash, smash, don't ask  
When the negative disrupts the class  
How much longer? get stronger  
The battle is getting longer  
World, peace, or world talk  
Do we run? or do we walk? (charge)  
If you want world peace, take it  
Cause a lot of our leaders fake it (fraud)  
It's similar to armageddeon  
When the positive people stop lettin  
The negative, control, how we live  
Listen to the music I give!

If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Take it!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
World peace.. (right now!) ..or world talk?  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Take it!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
World peace!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Right now!  
If we really want world peace  
And we want it right now  
Come in now..  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
World peace.. or world talk? !

If we really want world peace  
Yes I do  
And we want it right now  
When can I get it?  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
Come in!  
If we really want world peace  
That's it  
And we want it right now  
Right now  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

I want it now!  
If we really want world peace  
I want it right now!  
And we want it right now  
We need it right now!  
We must make up our minds to take.. it..  
No talk.. world peace!  
If we really want world peace  
Peace! \*echoes\*